

Asuka Dreams

by rozzingit

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Summary: The depths of Asuka's mind.

Asuka Dreams

"Asuka Dreams"

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>
Asuka and all Evangelion themes are (c) Gainax. I take no credit.

>
Asuka dreamed.

>
She dreamed a lot. About her mother. Father.

>
About her life in Germany. About her life in Japan. About her friends.

>
Hikari. Shinji. Misato. Rei.

>
Perhaps not all her friends. The most popular girl is school, and no real friends, except for perhaps Hikari.

>
Asuka dreamed often.

>
About war.

>
Her external fights. Piloting Unit-02. The Angels.

>
Her internal fights. Fighting that urge to break down in front of everyone, to just beg for love and attention.

>
All too often the two would mingle.

>
And that is what Asuka dreamed.

>
Asuka sat in familiar surroundings, the cylindrical tube that brought her attention. Attention turned into respect. Respect gave her a reason for living.

>
The cylindrical tube that smelled of death, and suffering.

>
And of blood. Most apparent, the sweet, sharp, smell of blood.

>
She sat in those familiar surrounds, her hands clutching the controls tightly. She only then realized that she sat in her plug suit, crimson red. And she was sweating.

>
Her sharp red hair was nearly plastered to her slender neck, her crystal eyes set deeply into her skull, wide.

>
And she sat in the entry plug of Unit-02, looking out of its eyes.

>
Haze was all she saw. Gray, almost a fog. But the Unit still targeted. Targeted something. If it targeted, there must be something there. An enemy. Something she had to destroy.

>
And she realized, that in the hands of Unit-02, were twin pistols, fully loaded. And she fired.

>
She fired.

>
And nothing.

>
Pistols no more. She flung them away in disgust, only realizing that she now found twin rifles in her hands. The large, sleek barrel was loaded. And she fired.

>
And nothing.

>
Her mind racing, she only smashed them to whatever surface they would fall to, and found twin missile launchers, huge smooth surfaces. The missiles loaded, ready. And she fired.

>
And nothing.

>
She could feel the sweat now building, and running down her face, blurring her vision. Or perhaps that was tears...there was no real way of knowing. And she found Unit-02, HER Unit-02, positioned in front of a huge sort of sniper rifle.

>
The Positron Rifle.

>
She was never there for that mission. It had been a duel mission of Unit-00 and Unit-01, against the Fifth Angel.

>
But this time she did not fire with the electricity of Japan. She fired with the energy of her soul. She fired with every bit of pride, anger, helplessness, and desperate needing she had in her body. And she fired.

>
And nothing.

>
"Why can't you die! What are you! DIE!"

>
She didn't even hear herself. She only saw when the fog parted. She only saw her enemy.

>
Unit-01.

>
Unit-00.

>
The Angels.

>
Her Mother.

>
Her Father.

>
Rei.

>
Shinji.

>
Misato.

>
Kaji.

>
Herself.

>
Asuka dreamed.

> <p><p>

End
file.